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THE
Commonweal

Edward T. Chase

Quotas for Negroes?

Thomas Weyr

The Mindszenty Tragedy

VOLUME LXXIX, NO. 16 JANUARY 17, 1964 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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The Commonweal Approach

The editors of The Commonweal do not accept the philosophical principles of that continental "Liberalism" which was condemned by the Church, but the magazine's approach to day-to-day issues is frequently described as "liberal." The term itself, of course, is ambiguous and clouded with historical uncertainty, meaning one thing to one man and something quite different to another, and normally we hesitate to use it ourselves. We do, however, understand why people refer to us this way and we accept the designation—although our "liberal" views on many questions strike us as more truly conservative than those advanced by most of the right-wing Catholic publications.

Be this as it may, the editors of this magazine clearly tend to be "liberal," not in the nineteenth-century European sense but in the modern American sense of the word. We are deeply committed to the idea of political democracy, and we have little patience with Catholic writers who discuss political questions as if nothing had happened between the French Revolution and the present. We value the American Constitution and oppose any interference with due process of law. We cherish our own civil liberties, and we defend those of others. We abhor anti-Semitism or racial discrimination in any form.

We are deeply concerned with genuine measures to fight Communism—moral, economic, military and psychological—and completely uninterested in "anti-Communist" crusades that make bold headlines but signify nothing. We support domestic measures we think will help in achieving that social justice described in the papal encyclicals, and we favor efforts to promote international social justice by aiding the underdeveloped nations. We think Catholics have not given enough thought to what it means to live in a pluralistic society and we consider it imperative that they repair this omission.

—from the 35th Anniversary Issue

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THE COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Peace Negotiations

THE ROAD to peace between two conflicting conceptions of life is steep and stony. Since the Kennedy-Khrushchev confrontation over missiles in Cuba this nation and the Soviets have been on the first stage of such a journey. There has been little progress beyond a joint realization that differences cannot be settled by recourse to thermonuclear war. The array of weapons and means of delivering them, preponderantly heavier on our side, is staggering to contemplate. The arms race no longer is accelerating, but so far little more than token cuts in defense expenditures are in prospect in spite of budgetary pressure in both lands.

This is the context for the Johnson and Khrushchev "peace offensive." (That Castro expresses hopes for better relations with Washington and Chou En-lai now speaks in terms of "peaceful coexistence" needs to be taken into account.) The achievement of a less tense atmosphere does represent progress, even though there are few signs that aggressive objectives have been abandoned. Fidel-inspired violence continues in Latin America while Communist pressures keep threatening Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam.

President Johnson has spoken of his peace offensive only in the most general and theoretical terms. But apparently he has more in mind than reiterated apostrophes to peace delivered for political effect. He has yet to specify the steps he is contemplating. Mr. Khrushchev, on the other hand, has spelled out what he has in mind in a twenty-page memorandum addressed to other nations. His leading idea that, with certain exceptions, the nations of the world agree not to seek territorial changes by resort to arms, recalls the UN Charter as well as the Kellogg-Briand Pact in which sixty-two nations solemnly promised not to resort to war as an instrument of national policy.

The Khrushchev exceptions reflect familiar Soviet policy; they permit wars of liberation from colonial status or foreign domination, as in the case of Taiwan. Yet his memorandum to the powers includes a strong appeal on responsibility for maintaining the peace and a sobering warning as to the ease with which small border conflicts could escalate into full-scale wars.

As in his recent interview with the United Press, Khrushchev is, throughout his memorandum, conciliatory in tone. If he repeats former Soviet suggestions and offers no new concessions, his note is nothing to dismiss out of hand. State Department officials and various news commentators find it "disappointing," but Russian willingness to enter into further negotiations presents at least a limited opportunity to be explored. Both America and the Soviet Union are intensely interested in reducing their burdensome arms expenditures; both want to prevent the spread of thermonuclear weapons; to a lesser extent and to meet different needs, both wish to expand their foreign trade.

FOR THIS reason certain extensions of the present test-ban treaty would seem feasible for both sides. As long as underground tests are permitted, nations attempting to develop their own weapons systems can determine the effectiveness of the bombs produced by their scientists. The setting up of nuclear-free zones and other preventatives of nuclear-weapons expansion point in the direction of extending the ban to underground tests. To some it would suggest calling into consultation a Communist China that has several times proposed the establishment of a nuclear-free zone in the Pacific.

There are less momentous questions appropriate for negotiation at this time. Russia's American wheat purchases, which are mutually advantageous, suggest other bi-lateral trade agreements. The re-establishment of consulates in both countries would signify less tension and a revival of normal relations —as would the long-talked-of Moscow to New York

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airline. Compared to such issues as Berlin and Germany or disarmament, these are minor matters, but agreements here could help prepare the way for more substantive agreements later when the possibilities of cooperation have been demonstrated.

The world has not yet reached the stage where agreement is possible on the key issues of the cold war. But at this stage greater harmony on peripheral matters can lead to better mutual understanding. The genuineness of Soviet peace sentiments can be gauged by observing Russian policy at the resumed arms control negotiations in Geneva, and on issues that would weaken or strengthen the UN. Russian influence is declining in the Far East, but much can be determined from Russian arms shipments to, and activities in, the troubled Middle East. These are the areas to watch as the nation seeks to respond to the call to peace by initiating and entering into a variety of bi-lateral and perhaps NATO-Soviet negotiations.

Giving Congress the Vote

WILLIAM S. White, the articulate defender of the ways of Congress, believes that the Senate and House compiled a respectable record in 1963. He points to the college aid bill, the ratification of the test-ban treaty, the averting of a rail strike and the program aimed at attacking mental illness and retardation. It depends, of course, on the point of view. From here the record of the first session of the 88th Congress seems a particularly sorry one. Most of the important legislation proposed by the Kennedy Administration was disregarded or caught in the gears of the legislative machinery. Not only the will of Congress, but also its structure has been a source of serious concern. Congress is "all brake, no accelerator," says *New Republic* columnist T.R.B., and the public seems increasingly in agreement. The latest Harris poll shows that two out of three voters registered no confidence in the job done by Congress in 1963. "Most important," Harris adds, "is that the trend of public opinion about the nation's top legislative body is distinctly downward." The poll is just one expression of the complaint that Congress is not responsive to the public will, that it lags behind the executive and the judiciary in facing up to contemporary problems.

Part of the problem is that while the President has come to be accepted as the chief proposer of new legislation, there is no assurance at all that the proposals will be taken seriously. The President has a responsibility in the legislative process, and can be expected to be reminded of it at the polls if his program fails. Yet the Constitution and the law give him no direct hand in the process to match the responsibility. He has, of course, patronage and other blandishments to help persuade wavering Congressmen, but he is still held accountable for the success of a program that can be scuttled with comparative ease by a minority of Congressmen in an arena from which the President is constitutionally barred.

This is divided government—the way the founding fathers set it up, and a source of puzzlement to foreign observers. But while it is hardly feasible to give the President a direct hand in law-making, it is worth considering whether the President's legislative proposals should be granted a special status. This could be done by granting the Administration priority in bringing its measures to a vote in Congress.

Such a plan would not give the President legislative power, but it would concede to him the right to have Congress accept or reject his proposals. It would assure the public that when they elect a President on a certain program, that program will be acted upon, one way or another, rather than being ignored or buried in committee by strategically-placed Congressmen. The Congress is not disposed to pass drastic reforms of its own procedures, but a proposal that would merely assure a vote on Presidential measures seems sufficiently moderate, simple and attractive to win wide public support. Or so we hope.

AMA Statistics

ACCORDING to the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, rising population and a longer life expectancy mean that the nation will need fifty percent more doctors by 1975. The Department clearly sought to focus attention on the American Medical Association, which has long been accused of restricting the number of medical students in the financial interests of its membership at large.

The AMA put out a press release claiming an 8.9% increase in the ratio of doctors to the U.S. population from 1960 to 1963. Even this increase, less than 3 percent annually, would not meet the projected need for 1975. What is a great deal worse, the U.S. Public Health Service has analyzed the AMA's statistical methods and declared that the annual increase was actually only one-third of one percent, or about one additional doctor per 100,000 Americans in the three-year period.

The Health Service found, for instance, that the AMA had counted American doctors working all over the world (applying them to the U.S. population only) and that the total three-year increase—

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listed as 29,000—includes some who are still students, as well as 2,000 California osteopaths who were given medical degrees by the state for the first time, a group that can be referred to as new doctors only in the technical sense.

This analysis by the AMA, which the *Progressive* magazine calls "a brazen case of statistical malpractice," only obscures the real needs. And it heightens some of the worst suspicions about the AMA leadership.

Gestures and Symbols

WHILE IT IS much too early to judge the practical significance of the Pope's journey to the Holy Land, it is possible to say at once that its symbolic importance was tremendous. And to say this is to say very much, for the papacy is an office in which symbols count for almost as much as doctrine and legislative function.

As the Vicar of Christ, the Pope necessarily stands as a living symbol of Catholic authority and unity. But it is not only the practical exercise of this authority which the Church and the world sees. In our age of rapid communications, of TV and wirephotos and worldwide radio transmission, the style and manner of a pope stand out almost as vividly as that of our next-door neighbor. Moreover, since ecclesiastical pomp and formality are a mark of life in the Vatican, whatever a pope does which lifts him above those things is certain to attract attention and be taken as the mark of the man. Gestures today, whether large or small, inevitably take on an added weight.

What was particularly impressive about the Pope's trip was the way it combined many gestures, each one important. There was the gesture of leaving the confines of Rome, serving to emphasize the universality of the Church. There was the gesture of flying in a jetliner, the most modern and rapid form of transportation now available. There was the gesture of spending time both on the Israeli and the Arab side of the border, thus making clear the Pope's desire to respect the sensibilities of two neighbors engaged in a bitter struggle. There was the gesture of walking the same road that Christ walked in His last agony.

Most importantly, perhaps, there was the gesture of the meeting with the Ecumenical Patriarch, Athenagoras I of Istanbul, marked by the beautiful symbol of the kiss of peace. In a world where we have come to take for granted the meeting of political leaders, however hostile to one another, the encounter of a pope and a patriarch may not appear very novel. Yet it is, for Catholicism and Orthodoxy have been split by perhaps the longest cold war in history, a war in which the very idea of a personal meeting has aroused a fear of compromise and loss of face often bordering on sheer irrationality.

The Patriarch and the Pope broke through the ecclesiastical iron curtain, undoubtedly incurring the displeasure of Christian cold warriors in both camps. The next step in Orthodox-Catholic relations will be difficult, but far less difficult now that a major symbol of mutual intransigency has been replaced by the symbol of embrace in the land of Christ. We hope that concrete talks will now get under way.

We hope also that, in the years to come, the office of the papacy will be marked by an increasing number of symbolic gestures. Though we are not overly optimistic, we would like to see the Vatican itself adopt a somewhat different style. The ritual and pomp there are, to be sure, impressive if not on occasion awesome. But there are times when it is easy to feel that ceremony takes precedence over meaning; when one feels too much the human love of color and drama and too little the spiritual meaning of the papacy.

Already it is clear that the example of Pope John has not been lost on Pope Paul. Pope John's short reign was that of a ministry of deed and gesture; but it is the latter which we remember more than the former. Pope Paul has now boldly made a gesture of his own; and a brilliant one it was. May there be more of them.

GUSTAVE WEIGEL, S.J.

With the untimely death of Father Gustave Weigel, S.J.. both the American Catholic Church and the world ecumenical movement have lost one of their staunchest, most perceptive defenders. The American Church will feel this loss because, at crucial moments, Father Weigel could be counted upon to address himself with style and brilliance to the crises of pluralism with which America is confronted at fairly regular intervals. He not only defended American Catholicism's devotion to democratic principles, but he also instructed Catholics in the meaning of these principles.

The ecumenical movement will feel as great a loss. Today ecumenism is an accepted part of Catholic life. But when Father Weigel began exploring Christian disunity, over a decade ago, both nerve and a delicate sense of the pitfalls were essential. Father Weigel had both in rich measure.

We will sorely miss him and his wisdom. May he rest in peace.

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The Mummers in Philadelphia

BY ALL REPORTS, the crowds were thinner than usual at the Mummers parade in Philadelphia this year, but that may well have been for fear of trouble. Trouble there would almost certainly have been, if the court had not prohibited blackface entirely; Negro spokesmen had made that clear. So one cannot guess from the size of the crowd whether the public approves or disapproves of the last-minute court action. But many people, I suspect, will think that CORE, the NAACP and Negroes in general were entirely too thin-skinned in this matter.

The Mummers have a case. Their New Year's parade is part of a long tradition in Philadelphia, and blackface acts have been part of the spectacle for as long as anyone can remember. The point of the parade is humor, and the participants traditionally feel free to satirize anyone or any group. "We've been able, up to now," as one Mummer put it, "to mimic the President and the Pope and anybody we want." Heaven knows there is little enough humor in our culture, and heaven knows too that we will all be a lot poorer if we lose the ability to laugh at ourselves. So the Mummers do have a case.

A case, but not a good enough case, in my opinion. There are some things that are just too touchy for broad satire. The Mummers may think they are free to satirize the Pope, for example, but I can just imagine the Catholic reaction if they did. They may think they are free to satirize the President, but I don't advise them to poke fun—even good clean fun—at the assassinated President Kennedy. By the same kind of reasoning, Negroes today are just not fair game for groups like the Mummers.

Like it or not, the various ethnic and religious groups in our society are not so united and friendly that we can all enjoy a good honest laugh at each other's foibles. There are always people to bemoan the "good old days" of the stage Irishmen or the Jewish vaudeville-routine or the blackface minstrel show. Such laments ignore the reality of the situation.

For Sam Levenson to make Jewish jokes and perhaps to kid himself and his own people a little is fine; we can all laugh, and American life is richer for it. But for me to make jokes that satirize the Jewish people is something else again. Vaudeville around the turn of the century abounded in Irish jokes about the pig in the parlor; I doubt that Irish immigrants found them very funny or that anyone ever asked their views.

The same thing is true of the Negro, only more so. Blackface has been a vaudeville tradition in this country for years, but no one ever asked the Negro how he felt about it. Every time the issue arises, white people insist they mean no harm when they daub their faces with cork and put on one of those "Yassuh, Mr. Bones" routines. But is it not significant that those who defend the practice are always white? Is it not significant that Negroes always resent such performances? Is it not significant that Negroes in Philadelphia felt strongly enough that they were going to picket the Mummers parade and stage counter-demonstrations, even at the risk of violence?

The weight of all these points cannot be overlooked. Blackface acts may have a long tradition in America, but so too has racial discrimination. Those who stage such performances may do so in all innocence, but the fact remains that these exhibitions hold up an entire race to mockery. It is no wonder Negroes resent them; only the fact that they have never been able to launch effective protests has kept them from speaking strongly on them before.

The Mummers parade was bidding goodbye to 1963, a year that to Negroes was the year of the March on Washington; the year of Birmingham; the year of police dogs; electric cattle prods and fire hoses; the year four little Negro girls were killed in a bomb blast; the year Negro leaders were in and out of jail time and time again. It was a year in which Negroes marched and demonstrated and sang and sat-in, all for the sake of being treated decently and honorably. It was a year when Negroes even carried out kneel-ins in the churches, of all places, in their pursuit of dignity and equality. In the face of all this, how would one expect them to react to caricatures that make sport out of their tragic history?

I don't think, then, that Negroes are being unduly sensitive in this matter. On the contrary, I would say that they are quite correct, and that those who sponsor or defend such practices are totally insensitive. Nor can I see that the court injunction against blackface performances has unduly interfered with anyone's Constitutional right under the free speech clause. Satire is one thing, but what was involved here was not satire; it was a public display that mocked an entire segment of our population. The danger to public safety in the situation was obvious, and in my mind the court was well within its rights in enjoining the performance.

I only hope now that other groups and organizations will learn a lesson from the affair. To our shame, one still hears occasionally of parishes which insist on putting on blackface shows, even at this late date in history. This is a scandal, and if they will not accept the Philadelphia incident as proof conclusive of how offensive such practices are to the Negro community, I don't know what will persuade them.

JAMES O'GARA

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Edward T. Chase

Quotas for Negroes?

If quotas and preferential hiring are disallowed, it is hard to see how much will be accomplished for Negro employment

EFFORTS TO PUT in practice the so-called "doctrine of compensation" are about to advance the Negro rights revolution into the difficult next stage of contention over the concrete, critical details that will measure success and failure. The doctrine holds that Negroes are now to be compensated for 350 years of discrimination by a spate of favored treatment. In practice one finds that this usually boils down to the issue of preferential hiring of Negroes, especially as it pertains to new job classifications hitherto denied them. It can also include numerical quota systems, and favoring the Negro with inferior qualifications or one with no seniority over his white competitor.

The preferential hiring issue has suddenly come to a head with the decision of prominent official advisory committees to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights to directly support preferential treatment and even quotas. This is creating consternation among employer groups. But the issue cannot be easily evaded for long because now there are also threats of boycotts of the goods or services of those firms which employ Negroes in only token numbers or in limited job classifications. Such boycotts are now being planned on a vast scale by CORE (The Committee On Racial Equality) and other Negro action groups. These will probably make white counter-revolutions against civil rights a strong probability in some areas.

One instructive way to approach the current preferential hiring issue is to begin with a look at how the principle underlying the doctrine has been applied in the recent past. The instances are disconcerting. One finds, for example, that in 1931 Heywood Broun published a book *Christians Only* documenting in irrefutable terms that Jews (as an ethnic group) were discriminated against in admittance to U.S. medical schools on a systematic, numerical basis. Only a decade ago the American civil rights authority, Lawrence Bloomgarden, described in detail how the medical schools employed quotas to accomplish this. The dean of Columbia University's medical school had argued that "representation of the various social and religious groups in medicine ought to be kept fairly parallel with the population make-up." The dean of Cornell University medical school, too, back in the 1940's, stated explicitly that the number of Jews admitted by Cornell was to be proportionate to the Jewish percentage of the state's population (though the medical school itself was situated in New York City, where the percentage of Jews was several times higher than the State average).

Nor, one finds, have admittance quotas on Jews been confined to the Ivy League's medical schools. At the start of the Nazi era, though this coincidental fact was unknown at the time, President Lowell of Harvard openly recommended a Jewish quota on all undergraduate admissions. Bloomgarden also quotes Dartmouth College President Ernest Hopkins defending a quota system as late as 1945. Clearly these were attitudes taken on ethnic grounds.

In 1953 scholar Bloomgarden concluded bitterly that a quota policy is "never used to justify expansion of opportunity for minority groups, but only for limitation. It is never said, for example, that Negro medical students should constitute 10 percent of the total to correspond to the Negro percentage of our population." The fact that it is said now, loud and clear, throughout the U.S. press, and is applied to housing and education as well as employment, is one mark of how things have changed.

The Urban League leads the Negro movement in pressing for preferential hiring, though it sometimes rejects the phrase and so far has rejected a direct numerical quota plea. The NAACP and Jackie Robinson also condemn quotas. Governor Nelson Rockefeller and the New York *Times* have disavowed the compensation doctrine as un-American. Conservative columnists comment on the paradox of an equality drive involving a demand for inequality. Most state Fair Employment Practices Acts forbid the doctrine as discriminatory to whites. Public discussion of the issue reverberates with phrases such as "reverse prejudice," "subsidization of incompetents" and Bolshevism ("from each according to his means to each according to his needs").

Yet look what has been happening in practice. Recently an influential official body composed of business leaders, the New Jersey Advisory Committee to the

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United States Commission On Civil Rights, issued a militant report calling for quotas for "non-whites" in employment and also in housing, both public *and private*.

The New York City Commission On Human Rights has also now endorsed preferential treatment, claiming that "all other methods of attacking racial bias in schools, housing and jobs had failed." Commission Chairman, Stanley Lowell, stated that Negroes should be moved to the tops of waiting lists for apprenticeship programs. "If it's found illegal in the courts," he said, "then the law must be changed."

Properly, this has made front-page news, along with the spate of rebuttals and the fence-sitting responses (Mayor Wagner of New York adopting the latter posture), for it marks a distinct progression in the debate. And, perhaps most important, it now has been disclosed that the Administration's "Plans For Progress" campaign (to persuade companies to hire Negroes) has already achieved an extraordinary result: of 60,000 new workers hired in the last three months by the 115 companies pledged to the program, 25 percent were Negroes, whereas previously the proportion of Negroes hired by these companies was 3 percent.

MEANWHILE, in a parallel development, the drive continues in Northern cities to achieve "racial balance" in the public schools. There one witnesses official, systematic preferential treatment involving such explicit actions as transfers of students, re-zoning and exclusions, to redress the same imbalance created by ancient *de facto* geographic discrimination that has prompted the move for preferential hiring. Many schools are 90 to 95 percent all white or all colored in the big Northern cities. The courts (notably N.Y. State Supreme Court Justice Edward G. Baker) cite state education laws forbidding such expedients from being taken on racial grounds. But the pressure continues, backed by the education authorities.

The public is understandably bewildered. Both the courts and the educational authorities in the interest of integration and fair play evoke the same principles, then arrive at opposite conclusions. As an illustration of the confusion today, in one celebrated instance in housing, a block of Negro home owners banned a Negro from the one remaining vacant house on the block on the grounds this would preclude any chance for their neighborhood to escape black ghetto status.

The uproar and the moral ambiguities may yet be providential for they are stimulating new areas of public discussion and speculation, a desperate need for a public exposed mostly either to just hard news reporting or the kind of once-over-lightly commentary TV provides. Conceivably, the ordinary businessman, who ultimately makes employment policy, may be forced by the issue to question his assumption that the self-regulating American free market, magically dispensing life's goodies through the dynamic of profit, automatically makes for the best of all possible worlds—as it is being brought home to him, through boycotts, that somehow the Negro isn't being cut in on the deal.

The prospect of ever heavier taxes and social costs required to maintain a tenth of the nation in a state of extreme dependency is also a matter of increasing dismay in business circles. The amazing financial support for the Urban League by corporate giants like American Telephone and Telegraph reflects this almost as much as it reflects corporate anxiety over a good "image" in a day of boycotts and "lie-ins."

The Urban League also has done an effective job recently in exposing the reverse preferential treatment that prevails in the trades. Nepotism, of kith if not of kin, is notoriously prevalent in American union and apprenticeship recruitment. At the recent AFL-CIO convention, Negro groups picketed with signs showing the tiny percentage of Negroes in the sheet metal workers union and similar unions.

But any widespread appreciation of the less notorious but if anything more prevalent kind of "preferential treatment" represented by featherbedding in the great private and public bureaucracies is unlikely to occur in the foreseeable future because the people are too close to it. It is as if it were a given of Nature—for instance the almost invulnerable (to unemployment) drones in the military; in the giant utilities; in the oligopolist corporations that can administer their prices; in governmental services; in certain unions, in the favored ranks of enlightened companies such as Kaiser Steel where no one can be dropped (if the job disappears due to automation, one stays on, with pay, in a pool); in the large foundations and other non-profit organizations, museums for example, that have the chummy protectionist features of social clubs, etc., etc.

And the Urban League's Whitney Young likes to cite to businessmen audiences the preferential treatment given to World War II veterans in civil service hiring, where "merit" testing was modified by giving the vets 10 unearned points on their test scores. I have lately even heard preferential hiring rationalized in terms of an English precedent, the law whereby all firms of over 20 employees (in most industries) must see to it that at least 3 percent of their rolls are made up of registered handicapped workers.

All this is not to say that I believe Americans will soon agree that arithmetical quotas can be fashioned to guide them with exactitude in Negro hiring. There is hardly a chance of this. Even research surveys on the ethnic composition of government departments are still scored as somehow fostering prejudice. The New York *Times*, for one, is adamant against them. The fact is, though, that state civil service commissions are now discovering that they cannot determine whether there is discrimina-

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tion in state hiring practices without them. That is why Michigan, for example, has just decided to resume the practice of entering racial identity on employment records. What is daily becoming harder to see is how, if quotas and preferential treatment are disallowed, anything much will be accomplished for Negro employment. And that failure could mean trouble, for in a wage-based, urbanized society a job is the key to practically everything.

Conceivably American opinion leaders may cease to be less squeamish on principle about a quota approach as it becomes more widely recognized that most social judgments do involve a weighing of comparative data and that the guideline in judging the progress in integration must be percentage comparisons, albeit approximate ones. Americans, it is being pointed out, have acted on quotas in the past. They will be increasingly likely to do so in the future, because there is ultimately no other touchstone. Only the other day the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith charged in the headlines that there were but 328 Jews, or less than three fourths of one percent, among the 51,000 white-collar employees in Detroit plants of General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. Revelations like this are really pointless unless inferences are to be drawn from them.

THE RATIONALE ultimately invoked to win acceptance of preferential hiring may well be a combination of compassion and economics. Nothing makes principle quite so palatable as a buck; the rehabilitation concept is the key here for it embraces both good business and good will. Once restricted in its application to the physically disabled, where it achieved fame for rescuing paraplegics like the former Dodger baseball player Roy Campanella, rehabilitation is now being conceived as *the* social technique, the solution to waste and dependency. "It's just good business and common sense," runs the line on rehabilitation. The rehabilitation ideal has even been taken over in urban redevelopment thinking —you don't bulldoze slums now, because that destroys neighborhoods and relocation creates delinquency; you preserve your basic residential plant through restoration. (This is now official U.S. housing doctrine.) Rehabilitation, in the form of job retraining becomes the key manpower service in our age, when 40,000 jobs weekly disappear through automation, and when, as a recent U.S. Labor Department study revealed, "the average 20-year-old can expect to have six different job careers in his working life."

The rehabilitation argument is being brought into the preferential hiring debate to provide an acceptable rationale. It explains the successful passage of the Manpower Development And Training Act to retrain the unemployed using public tax funds and public schools. The economic lesson is demonstrated in terms of physical rehabilitation, thus: in 1961—the latest year for which there are full figures—more than 100,000 disabled Americans got jobs as a result of the State-Federal rehabilitation program, as the New York *Times* noted in an editorial. That program cost $17 million. Before retraining, these people had been earning $47 million a year; now they are earning $205 million, and the Federal government will collect $10 in income taxes for each dollar invested in rehabilitation. The same argument is invoked from the experience under the Manpower Development and Training Act (70 percent of the 66,000 trainees have been placed in jobs they were trained for), where a third of the average cost of $1,250 to retrain a jobless individual is recouped in the very first year—from additional income taxes, reduced unemployment insurance and welfare payments.

The American public, with its standing army of four million jobless, is also discovering, however, that rehabilitation can't be confined to on-the-job training. Jobs also must be made available if we are to rehabilitate people and on a preferential basis, or little happens to alleviate the Negro's plight. Inefficiencies, added expenses and the turmoil of difficult adjustments will be involved in absorbing any substantial proportion of the idle, especially of the inexperienced Negro youth who, as a group, bear so much of the brunt of American unemployment. But that is part of the social cost.

The public is hearing something about the alternatives to such rehabilitation, however: unemployment and underemployment of the non-white work force presently rob the U.S.A. of direct dollar costs carefully estimated to total $11,850,000,000 annually. Indeed a solid case is made by the Urban League for the contention that indirect costs swell this total to $28 billion.

This is the argument pressed as an incentive for preferential treatment and it is compelling to the pragmatic American mind. After all, American insurance companies now pool costs to underwrite auto insurance (and recently health insurance for the elderly) for bad risks, on a non-profit basis, rationalizing that they'd rather do it this way than be nationalized. The same kind of expedient is now being urged in the employment field, where, on an industry basis, young Negroes would be trained and a certain number absorbed into

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the employment ranks on a pro-rated, shaed basis, even though they're really redundant. This is already happening on a pilot scale in the case of Negro secretaries for several national firms, like General Electric.

In an essay to be published in a forthcoming book on corporate America sponsored by the Fund For The Republic, political scientist Andrew Hacker foresees a future USA wherein the private corporation increasingly is the beneficiary of the revolution in technology while a vast segment of the population "unneeded by the corporate machine" will be left out, what he calls the "society of losers" "the second America" (cf. Dwight MacDonald's article "The Invisible Poor" in the *New Yorker* and the book he wrote it about, Michael Harrington's *The Other America*). This second America would be the un-and-underemployed and its ranks could be heavily represented by the Negro, if they are endlessly denied any degree of preferential treatment in hiring.

Norman Podhoretz, the well known writer and editor, in his much discussed *Commentary* essay, "My Negro Problem, And Ours," sees no way out of the predicament but assimilation, what's always called miscegenation south of Washington. Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Nathan Glazer point out, however, (in their new book, *Beyond the Melting Pot*) that minority groups in the past have in fact entered the main stream of American society, yet maintained their separate identities. Certainly at this point all signs point to the fact that preferential hiring of the Negro seems to be the next effort to widen this main stream. The Negro is clearly inclined to let the problem of separate identities settle itself. What he wants are jobs, good jobs, and the whole train of benefactions that come in their wake.

THOMAS WEYR

The Mindszenty Tragedy

He is a complex man caught in the mesh of his personal and national past

IN THE SEVEN years he has spent in the U.S. legation in Budapest, Josef Cardinal Mindszenty has become a forgotten monument of the cold war, treated like a curious commodity no longer in demand. At best he is considered a symbol or a myth and at worst a nuisance. Policy makers in Washington and Moscow, Budapest and the Vatican agree that he should quietly and quickly disappear inside the Roman Curia. But even if he stays where he is he no longer poses an obstacle to the changing relationship between the Church and Communist nations initiated by Pope John—the symbolic impact of his departure diminishes with each passing month.

For Pope Paul has retained his predecessor's low key, behind-the-scenes approach in dealing with the Soviet bloc. The release of Archbishop Josef Beran, the Czech primate, passed almost unnoticed, although it was important documentation for continuing Church-Communist negotiations. When it happened it seemed long overdue; as if the new Church evolving at the Vatican Council is impatient to remove the relics of its own past left stranded by history.

This is cruel treatment of individuals who have devoted their lives to the Church and suffered harshly for it. But the Vatican cannot afford to defer to the pomp and circumstances of individual tragedy—and Cardinal Mindszenty's ownis a large one. The stakes are larger: the lives and spiritual welfare of millions.

Catholics behind the Iron Curtain, especially in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, live in a Church that has been all but defeated; where new men and new ideas must blend with an acceptance of the Communist reality to feed hopes of survival and rebirth, of a religious life free of the constant threat of retaliation, imprisonment or worse. The Church in both countries now is cornered and isolated. Priests are lonely and old, cut off from the source of spiritual authority. Those bishops still in their sees have lost most of their power. New blood is held to a trickle. Unless there is a change the Church is doomed to wither away, remaining perhaps a small unimportant sect artificially kept alive for show purposes.

An accommodation between Church and State could halt the rot quickly. Certainly Church power and authority will remain curbed. The government will operate from a stronger legal position and those outside who know little and care less of what transpires in Eastern Europe could charge sellout. But agreement would re-establish order and end harassment, at least for the time being. It would give the Church a chance to

THOMAS WEYR, a journalist who writes frequently on Middle Europe for The Commonweal and other publications, recently returned to the United States.

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train new priests, men unburdened with the legacy of another past; pragmatists able to deal with their flocks and the regime on terms naturally evolved and with an ease acquired through growing up under Communist rule.

The Communists can, of course, break the agreement and resume persecution. But at the very least the Vatican is winning time, time to liquidate the past and build a future. A breathing space can provide the kind of fresh nourishment that has kept the Church alive and fighting for centuries. It can also give back meaning to lives lived at the very edge of spiritual darkness. For Cardinal Mindszenty's is not the only clerical tragedy in Hungary. The simple country priest has often suffered as much and for him the Prince Primate's departure could prove a salvation.

The parish priest's isolation is often complete. He is left to his own resources and must rely on his own strength and ingenuity both to keep the faith alive in himself and in his flock. The achievements of these aged men are sometimes phenomenal. But the emotions they betray when this isolation is temporarily broken documents how heavy the burden has been. Last summer in Sopron, a town only a few miles from the Austrian border, I met such a priest and his reactions surely are typical for many of his fellows.

He was a man of medium height, well-fed, his ruddy face framed with white hair wispy at the top. He stood near the altar of Sopron's cathedral church, whose handsome baroque facade of dazzling white is squeezed into a row of patrician houses, some dating from the Gothic age. The church looked newly restored, but the newness had broken the splendid unity of marble, statuary and painting.

Hesitantly at first the priest approached to ask if he could show his "treasures." His German had the fluency of one born to the language—Sopron was once Austrian—but the way he spoke it showed how long it had lain unused in his mind, rusted with age. He led me past the altar, explaining that the state had paid for the fine coat of white paint on the facade but that the "parish children" had contributed funds for restoration inside. The new frescoes were poor and amateurish and contrasted harshly with the gracefully supple statues of saints below them.

But the priest at our side was stiff with pride. A life's work lay in those paintings, a monument of long struggle with Communist bureaucrats. He pointed to two statues framing a side altar. "Here is your Saint Leopold (Austria's patron) and this is our holy Saint Stephen," he said in a voice of deep reverence. On another altar stood a machine-carved figure of the Madonna, wax-colored and cheap-looking amid so much ancient beauty. "It is not art," the priest said, "but it is nice. The parish children. . . ."

He stopped, overcome with emotion. The week before, he continued, a Viennese priest had brought down a parish group—for four weeks Sopron was a window to the West, anyone could enter without a visa for a 24-hour stay in the town—and he had shown them the church. The Austrian had been impressed and said so. The recollection lit up the old man's face in a glow of real happiness. The conversation with his Western colleague had been a rare contact with the outside, with the universality of mother Church.

As I left the priest shook my hand warmly and said, "I hope you have understood. I cannot explain much. But I have told all I can." He turned and strode back down the center aisle, his back straight and lonely and proud.

CARDINAL Mindszenty's departure could speed the end of this isolation by permitting a formal new deal for the Church. But the Cardinal has shown little inclination to bow to repeated Vatican prodding that he leave the country. He is a complex, stubborn man caught in the mesh of his personal and national past and in the myth surrounding them. He finds little reality in the present but a great deal in historic tradition and therein lies the crux of the "Mindszenty problem."

Traditionally the Prince Primate of Hungary is the king's deputy, entitled in his absence to wear the holy crown of St. Stephen and thus unite temporal and spiritual authority. Cardinal Mindszenty believes this. He feels he is the nation's only legitimate ruler, destined to keep alive both cross and crown.

The crown symbolizes for him and for thousands of Hungarians, in and out of the country, that land's ancient and feudal traditions that give them a sense of personal and historical continuity. It is difficult for "modern man," whether democrat or Communist, to comprehend the hold such symbols still have. Yet this myth is the key to understanding Mindszenty. It has become part of the man and part of the priest.

His had been the classic rise of the gifted peasant son in Central Europe. Bright children of the country poor have often entered the priesthood, believing it could readily lead them out of poverty. And in their world the mitre was equal to a crown or a fortune. But for Cardinal Mindszenty the path was covered with thorns and ashes. When he was consecrated Archbishop of Esztergoem and thus Prince Primate, the Germans had overrun Hungary. In and out of jail he knew nothing but persecution and battle, could believe only in a hard head and a hard soul to survive. In the long years of prison and confinement tradition helped him keep his hold on reality. He conspicuously lacks the flexible personality, the suppleness and mental agility that enabled Stefan Cardinal Wyszyinski to become a major political power in Poland after 1956.

Not that Cardinal Mindszenty could have matched Wyszyinski's career. Events in Hungary and Poland

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since 1956 have differed too much. But the Hungarian Cardinal committed political mistakes of his own that would have blocked his return to active politics—for in the Iron Curtain countries religion must be part of politics if it is to survive. In retrospect his biggest error seems the open grab for power made during those few days he was free in 1956. The Cardinal permitted his name to be mentioned as a future Prime Minister succeeding Imre Nagy. The idea sounds preposterously eighteenth-century unless it is accepted as part of a myth in which he would think it natural that he could unite Hungary under a crown blessed by God Himself. For the feudal tradition tends to fuse all three—Hungary, the crown and God—into a mystical trinity that shines like a halo around the romantic and quixotic passions that have formed the Magyar spirit.

Certainly he took his political and social ideals into the shelter of the American legation. Little that has happened to him in the past seven years served to change his mind. Yet he has not been cut off from the world or events in Hungary. Books, magazines, newspapers and even television have been available. He has learned English from records and talks regularly with U.S. legation personnel. On Sundays Catholic diplomats from Western missions may attend his mass. Sometimes he preaches a sermon, especially on Christmas Eve when he faces his biggest congregation of the year.

Diplomats who have listened to these sermons report they remain full of fire and denunciation, firmly opposed to all change and choleric in condemning compromise. Hungary weaves through most of what he says. He began one sermon with the Flight to Egypt, but quickly rambled into condemning changing conditions in general and in Hungary in particular.

In recent years even Westerners in Budapest refer to him as that "stubborn peasant." The Cardinal has taken little cognizance of the changing East-West pattern. He still considers himself the symbol of Hungary —forgetting the bishop has been demoted to pawn in a larger game—and believes the myth of the past must some day return to become present. The unreal life he leads in his legation apartment helps maintain the illusion. For even though he can follow current events, they are only shadows in his mind, like the pictures on the television screen that shows him a country and its leaders he no longer knows and therefore does not believe exist.

Nor is the reality he sees from his windows any more assuring. It remains unchanged from year to year: dusty Freedom Square with its few trees and ugly Russian war memorial; the slice of parliament's marzipan dome that fills the end of one street radiating from the square to the Danube; the stars and stripes that flutter over the entrance to the drab office building that houses the legation; and most galling the "goon" cars, the "Warszawa" and "Pejeba" limousines that stand with idling motors at each end of the building, radio antennas quivering, and wait. And it is a reality the Cardinal prefers to avoid. The green shutters of his five third-story windows are invariably closed.

Inside the legation he is known as the "guest" and he inhabits the house as if he were a ghostly one. He has free access to most rooms on the third floor and often leaves his own apartment in the two rooms that were once the U.S. Minister's office to wander about the library or drop in on the American Chargé d'Affaires across the hall. More than once his rambles have brought him face to face with a visiting Hungarian official. Generally the Communist has kept a rigid face and treated the Prince Primate as if he were indeed a ghost and invisible.

THUS the change in Church policy initiated by Pope John caught the Cardinal unawares and unprepared. Last March Vienna's Franz Cardinal König was charged with the delicate mission of persuading the primate to leave Hungary for a job with the Curia in Rome. König too is the son of poor peasants. But the similarity ends there. The Austrian is only 58. He is an oriental scholar of international renown who speaks a dozen languages fluently. Within the College of Cardinals he ranks among the leading liberals. Cardinal Mindszenty is old, clever rather than scholarly and addicted to old ways.

On April 19 the two men met alone for four hours in Cardinal Mindszenty's room. Results were meager. Cardinal König returned to Vienna convinced that the problem lay within the Primate's mind and heart. Obviously Cardinal Mindszenty posed too many conditions to permit a quick departure. He wanted assurances on his successor. He refused to admit any transgression to the Hungarian government even under the veil of applying for an amnesty then granted all political prisoners. There was even the story that he wanted to walk the streets of Budapest a free man, say Mass in the cathedral and minister his flock before finally driving into exile.

Despite Cardinal König's unfavorable report the Curia followed up his visit by dispatching a seasoned diplomat—Monsignor Casaroli—to Budapest in May. The Monsignor discussed the situation with Cardinal Mindszenty and held talks with Hungarian officials and with the surviving members of the Hungarian Bench of Bishops. The Communists were pushing Bishop

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Endre Hamvas of Csanad, the Chairman, as new primate shorn of much of his power and authority. But Bishop Hamvas, though acceptable to the Vatican, was a last resort. Despite his age, he is older than the primate, he has a fellow-traveling record and he faced Cardinal Mindszenty's veto. Indeed the Cardinal wanted a very large say on his successor; perhaps too large for Budapest and the Vatican to tolerate.

Nevertheless agreement might have been reached quickly had Pope John not died. Names of possible successors, including a Hungarian monk living in Rome, were bandied about the Vatican, Budapest and Vienna. Cardinal Mindszenty's departure seemed imminent. But those who knew the Cardinal saw he had won his battle to stay where he was when he did not come to Rome for the conclave. Nor did reports that he would leave last fall to attend the second session of the Vatican Council prove accurate. It is probably a good thing they were not.

For what would the Cardinal have done in the turbulence of Rome? How much could he have understood of a Church seething with change; of conflicts no one dreamed would ever arise when he was last in touch with Church affairs? Cardinal König believes the primate could have played a modest part on the fringe of the Council but that much of the time he would simply be left out. What a figure he would have cut, stripped of grandeur and tragedy, bereft of his past and his traditions. How deeply the slights of others who must see him only as a relic would wound and fester.

If he does not know this he feels it and is reinforced in his stubborn refusal to leave the shelter of the legation. His importance as symbol of the Church in chains may fade in the outside world, tarnished by the rush of history and the passage of time, but it remains great in his own spirit and from it he draws what strength he has. For he must believe that the past seven years and the anguish and despair he suffered in them have counted for something. Though freed of physical torture the Cardinal has experienced much mental torment.

Those who saw him in confinement report he was often moody and despondent, that he turned over and over in his mind the rightness or wrongness of his decision to seek asylum. Often the primate seemed on the verge of running out of the building and into a waiting goon car—with final delivery and a martyr's crown awaiting him at the end of the ride. The temptation to suffer martyrdom was strong and perhaps resisted only because he saw in it the sin of pride.

For Cardinal Mindszenty has always thought and acted on a grand scale, in terms of death and freedom, triumph and glory; in the realm of magic and myth. And perhaps he should be so remembered. A strong, stubborn, tragic, heroic figure prevented by the spiritual meanness of his times from fulfilling his destiny in terms of classic tragedy. Yet his is a truly tragic story: a man toppled from the heights of power and influence as much by himself as by circumstance.

And even if he must go to Rome, if he bows to the inevitability of history and the Church's changing needs, his end should not take from the grandeur of his story.

Correspondence

"Nuns in the World"

Johnstown, Penn.

TO THE EDITORS: If the expression is not improper in the context, one might say that Michael Novak's article "Nuns in the World" [Nov. 29, 1963] scored a bull's eye. From it, positive and constructive challenges ring out to the modern nun. Like so many human voices come the cries: What *is* the meaning of your life, American sister? Trace out the living Gospel in your daily obedience and poverty and chastity. Show us your visible insight and compassion and understanding of the human condition. Explain your relationship to the layman in the Church and the vitality of your role in the salvation of human beings in *this* generation.

I am an American nun. Mr. Novak would have it that my very self-conception is at stake—mine and that of thousands of my fellow-sisters. He declares the need to re-think our commitment.

In this regard, it should be made clear that much rethinking is already being done. The ecumenical movement has given impetus to this. Much adverse reaction to renewal has been and continues to be based on ignorance. Once religious women, particularly higher superiors, begin to understand what the Church is asking for, creative action begins to stir. As in the Church itself and in our American government, so also in religious communities at present, there are "liberals" and "conservatives" and those in the wide gamut between. The point of likeness is a common dedication to Christ under the vows, but here the likeness ends. The bridge between generations is wide. Among those

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of the same generation there are attitudes ranging from an emphasis on rigid perpetuation of custom and tradition to an emphasis on up-dating and outright renewal.

If religious are to exert any noticeable influence on those whom they serve, changes must come. If they are to preserve the integrity of their vows, especially vows of service to the poor, changes must come. The problems lie in the direction of the "how," the "where," and the "to what extent."

The average layman does *not* feel joy in hearing of a young friend's or a daughter's intention to enter the religious life, Mr. Novak insists. Nobody knows that better than the sisters themselves who teach high school and college girls and who have listened to agonizing parental objections. Sisters find themselves resorting to explanations of this attitude with phrases like "they don't understand," or "nobody can *really* appreciate religious life from the 'outside.'" (As if Christianity and the Gospel were different for those without vows.) A closer look might prove that often the layman has the clearer view. Examined honestly, novitiate training *does* conspire to retard maturity. Often engaged in lay apostolic action before their entrance into the novitiate, girls find that their new environment is a "hot-house of spirituality" rather than a school of the Gospels where prayer overflows into apostolic action. A clinging to the time-honored customs of their particular community is stressed as imperative if they are to live in the true spirit of the order.

Where in this type of attitude, the layman asks (and rightly so) is the alert eagerness to go out and preach the Gospel as often and in whatever circumstances the need arises or the opportunity presents itself, whether that preaching be by word or work or example? Where is the apostle, the "one sent" by Christ into every labor where his cause can be served?

In the training of many religious women "unquestioning" obedience becomes a by-word synonomous with virtue. The "good" novice does not question, does not criticize, never murmurs, accepts. Thus is stifled the individuality that must mark the mature personality. While respect and submission to rightful authority are the duty of every Christian and are integral in the vow of obedience, yet in present training only the negative is stressed. The positive duty of healthy questioning and honest criticism is never mentioned—never permitted even. Vivacious temperaments rebel as such "mold" formation. But either they "conquer" themselves (which usually means they suppress their own insight and initiative sincerely because this has been presented as the proper thing to do) or else they leave the community. Potential leaders are lost to religious communities whose concepts of obedience cannot embrace freedom of expression, differing views and flexibility.

We might add here that teaching designed to "keep the world out"—a phrase so often heard in religious circles—is positively harmful to the work of Christ. He erected no barriers between Himself and the work His Father sent Him to accomplish. Sin was His only enemy. All other things of the world He used to bring the kingdom of God into the everyday life of men. How then can sisters, cut off from the world by attitudes formed at the very outset of religious life, hope to do His work effectively? As human instruments of God they must be in the world, and as human beings they must be *of* it. Their work and their sanctity must be that of alive and concerned human beings. "Spiritual" work, properly speaking, is the office of the angels.

It follows then that sisters *must* become involved. They must be so trained. To do this means that the present image of the "genteel, ephemeral lady of the nineteenth century" must give place in reality to the valiant woman of the twentieth century and of the Gospel. Only then will a layman joyfully and enthusiastically give his daughter to a religious community, knowing that after novitiate training, she will return, a frank, clear-eyed woman whose strength and energies will help to create a better world for humanity. She will have remained "in touch" with human problems and human needs.

The heavy responsibility which rests upon those who legislate for religious communities cannot be stressed too much at this crucial time. Each of the popes since Pope Pius XII has requested reform, *aggiornamento*. Cardinal Suenens has encouraged this movement through his recent book, *The Nun in the World*. But American clergy have been slow to contribute their effective support. Both laymen and priests who see needs and who speak of them either by word or writing should realize that they are doing an invaluable service to the work of religious communities in the Church.

Many religious themselves lack the perspective to view objectively their own ineffectiveness and needs. Sisters must call forth their immense good will into these areas where a new mentality is needed. Training and habit over the years have closed many minds to the possibility and need of change. Some will never be convinced. These will go to their graves sincerely fighting the "new." For others the light will come gradually. Still others, sensitive and alert, will pick up quickly the new direction that the Second Vatican Council has given to religious life in this century. For those who already see that change and renewal are necessary, much work and heroic courage, as well as fervent prayer, must accompany their insight. Here the layman can offer valuable service if he is willing to risk opinion and disagreement. Laymen must speak unhesitatingly of the needs, dare to suggest more effective apostolic means, point out problems, frankly take the sisters into their confidence and discuss with them, dare to disagree. A greater number of sisters could doubtlessly be

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counted on to respond generously and to work toward greater apostolic effectiveness once the way is made clear.

One final point: Mr. Novak contends that nuns in general have not yet won respect from the layman as mature and competent equals. Sisters themselves realize that this is true. Many of them wince at the knowledge. Many more would gladly take the necessary steps to qualify themselves and from that springboard initiate apostolic action. It might be said that a kind of "civil rights struggle" is presently in progress here. Opposing initiative are customs and traditions and mind-sets which either frown upon or else positively prohibit such action. Let more laymen then speak out, challenge, discuss, criticize, request. Let a dialogue be begun between the layman and the nun, a dialogue based on a mutual realization that Christ intended the Gospel for all men and that the work of God undertaken by men can be fully effective only when Christians work together for its accomplishment. SISTER GILMARY, R.S.M.

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

TO THE EDITORS: I always get a kick out of reading articles about nuns. Ideas about them run the gamut from the ridiculous to the sublime. Religious and lay people alike, I think, laughed at the characterization of nuns in "*The Bells of St. Mary's*" and "*Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison.*" Lay people may have been more impressed by the "Nun's Story" and "Lilies of the Field." I'm afraid few nuns were.

I guess this is why I chose to read Mr. Novak's article on "Nuns in the World" before any other article in the November 29th issue of The Commonweal. Certainly many of the points Mr. Novak makes are well taken. However, even after reading the article a third time, some of the examples he gives seem peculiarly unconvincing. I keep wondering if Mr. Novak really does know the American sister well enough to form some of his conclusions about them.

Agreed, the sisters are living under an archaic rule. I am made aware of this every time I try to fold my thirteenth-century habit into an automobile or explain to a dinner guest, "I'm sorry, the sisters do not dine with seculars." Yet, hasn't Mr. Novak forgotten that the American religious have come heavily under the influence of our genius for the practical? It is remarkable how an ancient rule can be shaped and hammered and pounded into a twentieth-century mold; no less remarkable than that the tiny framework of an American Constitution can be added to and formed into a government for a great industrial nation. For example (and this just may be news to Mr. Novak): those relaxing evening recreations may be turned into highly stimulating discussions on any one of the questions so immediately concerning us today. And, though we don't "quietly stitch" the while, many of us do check papers.

As for parents' days at school which are at the present "innocuous, dishonest affairs at which neither sisters, pastor, nor parents truly speak their minds to one another," I can only wonder if Mr. Novak has attended any of these innocuous affairs lately. After dragging myself home from an evening of "innocuous" questions, the like of which I can only compare to a Jesuit orals board, I am not at all sure that my students' parents and I don't know each other's minds.

I am concerned, too, about the remaking of the face of this nation by our large religious population. Have we any way of judging what the sisters have already accomplished in the way of American Catholicism today? Could the millions who today profess the Catholic faith be, perhaps, an auspicious beginning of that face-lifting job? Our time has not run out; we may yet remake the face of our nation.

Finally, I am not sure that I am in wholehearted agreement that we lack a sense of "freedom, creativity," etc. I am not aware that our nation's culture reflects these qualities either. Perhaps our outward conformity to the spirit of the times merely conceals from the casual observer (and I am convinced Mr. Novak is a casual observer of sisters, despite his great learning about religious life) the true spirit we hold within ourselves. The sisters I have met and know are happy, creative individuals, rich in social consciousness.

With these few exceptions, I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Novak's conclusions. I hope the influence of his words will soon be felt in our religious communities.

SISTER MARIE JUDE, O.P.

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: Michael Novak's candor in addressing the "Nuns in the World" was refreshingly welcome. I won't say it wasn't a shock to realize that to Mr. Novak most nuns convey an aura of sustained adolescence. And on reflection I believe that we nuns would have to admit that the charge is not wholly unjustified. But if this is the predominant "image" we create, we need a far better press than we're getting.

I should like to suggest, however, that not only the self-conception of the nun is here at stake. It is also the concept of her held by the laity and by the Church itself. When the theology of the laity is written, it had better include a large section on religious, both men and women. For, curiously, the nun is neither fish nor fowl, but lives in a never-never world between the laity and the clergy. And if when seen up close there are often dollar-signs in her eyes, it is only because she has been caught in the squeeze between the two.

The situation is partially illustrated by the status of the Catholic college run by nuns. In the jargon of the day, it is a "church-related" institution (a category which frequently excludes it from contributions of business and industry). Yet it receives no financial assistance

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whatever from the Church whose members it serves. Its only endowment is the "contributed services" of its unsalaried nun-teachers who operate on a hair-raising margin and practice unsuspected thrifts which would intoxicate a Scotsman. That such educational institutions survive at all is testimony that the age of miracles is not past!

An analogous situation exists in the elementary and secondary schools conducted by nuns. These are euphemistically termed "church-supported" schools. But who supports them? The laity. And for years the laity have been perfectly happy to let the pastor, almost never a school man, run the school and to let the nuns struggle along on a $50 to $70 a month salary out of which they must feed and clothe the family, care for the sick and the aged, and educate their members. Yet if the local ordinary forbids it (and he sometimes does), the nuns may not even appeal for funds directly to the laity of the very dioceses they serve. Meanwhile, enrollments spiral and classrooms bulge with 50 to 75 youngsters whose parents justifiably complain that Johnny can't read and Mary can't add. In such a situation, one can hardly be surprised if an observer "does not often get a sense of freedom, creativity, social consciousness, joy from the religious he meets." The price paid for years of over-crowding and underpaying is bound to be "nuns who sometimes convey a sense of organization, tiredness, professionalism, the piety of brochures and building-fund campaigns." One senses these things because they are so much there.

I do not counter these observations by Mr. Novak. I welcome them in the hope that publicity may awaken both clergy and laity to the enormity of the financial burdens the nuns have thus far unprotestingly borne. It is high time that the American Church gave serious attention to the problem of reorganizing and financing the nation's schools for Catholic children. Critics of Chicago's neighborhood public schools charge their system with wasteful inefficiency and accuse it of propagating educational inequalities and social injustices. I wonder what an objective scrutiny of the American parochial school system would reveal in the way of inefficiency, inequality, unprofessionalism, waste of human effort and parish dollars. One can only marvel at the patience of the Catholic laity who meekly pay the bills with only sporadic outbursts at the mediocrity of Catholic education. If anything can arouse them, these parents and priests may join forces with the sisters to achieve some creative reorganization. Catholic education stands only to gain by their joint concern.

Ironically, it is not only economic pressures which are brought to bear on the nuns. More than the clergy and laity may realize it, they also exert a good deal of social pressure in this direction. An instance of this kind occurred in Chicago recently when a provincial superior ordered seven nuns under her jurisdiction not to accept the annual award of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations which sought to honor them for joining an anti-discrimination picket line last summer. A high-ranking clergyman admitted that he had advised the superior to turn down the citation which he considered inadvisable in terms of "propriety, procedure and etiquette as it applies to religious women."

The provincial herself feared "another deluge of letters" criticizing the nuns' activities as being "in poor taste." She added that she felt the nuns' primary function of teaching was weakened when they "start getting so involved." Obviously it was not the picketing nuns who "seem politely remote from the cries for justice." The discrepancy is not, as Mr. Novak suggests, "between their grasp of reality and that of their foundresses." For these nuns it was between their ready willingness publicly to take the part of the Negro, and the reluctance of the clergy and the laity to allow the nuns to violate "propriety, procedure, etiquette and good taste" even in the cause of Christian social justice.

Though American nuns have not always published the fact outside their walls, innumerable congregations have already effected sweeping changes in their regulations, their daily order, their prayer schedules, and their dress. Were the truth known, such changes might have been even more radical had not the laity, usually in the guise of devoted alumnae or our own families, so often deplored them. Sister Margaret, President of Trinity College, astonished her students last year by claiming in a national magazine article that the nuns on her college faculty were more liberal than her students! And nuns in colleges across the country seconded her claim. For many of the laity are more conservative than the nuns. They really don't like to see us driving cars. They are shocked to see us on state university campuses. In the throes of a social and ecclesiastical revolution they waggle under the noses of these radical witnesses to Christ the timorous forefinger of "good taste." Laymen like James O'Gara, Edward Marciniak and John Cogley (all of them with a Catholic school background, by the way) are the exception, not the rule. And until their tribe increases, lay pressures to keep the sisters "ladies" (not women), and nineteenth-century ladies at that, are certain to continue.

But there is a deeper level to Mr. Novak's dissatisfaction with the nuns. It is not merely that they are tired organization women whose habit pockets bulge with pious fund-raising brochures. They lack spiritual impact on American Catholic culture, which, despite the presence of some 175,000 nuns ("surely the greatest spiritual force in our nation") remains "quite timid, uncreative, legalistic. . . ." And why, asks Mr. Novak, "is there such a gap between the good will of these novices and the general effect of their lives?" But is this not a colossal begging of the question? If American Catholicism is flaccid and timid, can we fairly lay the blame at the

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feet of the 102,000 sisters who teach the 6,000,000 students in the American Catholic schools? Is this cause-effect relation so self-evident as it seems to Mr. Novak? If American Catholicism is indeed devitalized, whose fault is it?

The supernatural life born out of baptism may be supported, but it is not fed and strengthed in the school. It is the *Church* which is the channel of grace, that mysterious living contact between God and man. Surely the Church is not tied to the school, dependent upon it to transmit the truths of Revelation. It is the proper business of the school (as a formalized extension of the family) to teach students to think—at whatever level they are taught. Thus the Catholic school rightly addresses itself to the ultimate questions of man's human dilemma, his dark relation to his God, his certain if obscure destiny. But unless the Church breathes into this inquiry the dynamic Spirit of Truth, unless the Church nourishes with grace the natural virtues fostered in the school and in the family, knowledge will never be quickened into living faith. The school can prepare the child's mind; the apostolic, loving nun who teaches him can bear witness to the Christ within her, and by her prayer and selfless devotion win him the grace to follow her—and so to follow Christ.

But there her power stops. And if the Church stands not behind her, with ministers who not only preach Christ in his wholeness but who deliver into the heart of the Christian all of His creative strength, courage and love, Catholic culture will remain what it seems to Mr. Novak—"timid, uncreative, legalistic." Granted that we nuns outnumber the priests, three to one. It is they, not we, who remain "the greatest spiritual force in our nation." The Church can get along without the school. She has in many countries for many centuries. I shouldn't like to try it in reverse.

What this all comes to is the fact that no one, including the nuns themselves, quite understands what the nuns are about in the world. Of course, Pope Paul recently admitted that even the Church still does not have a clear notion of herself. Let us hope that in the *balzo in avanti* which Pope John felt the Church was about to take, the nuns too will leap forward not only into modernity (as Cardinal Suenens devoutly urges), but into self-understanding. Meanwhile, such criticism as Mr. Novak's can help us to achieve our own *aggiornamento*.

I cannot speak for all American nuns, but I know I speak for dozens of my own acquaintance when I eschew an "air of quaintness, constraint, and less-than-truth." The wide-eyed, naïve and helpless sister of "Come to the Stable" is anathema today. In her place is a determined nun ready to carry a picket sign if occasion demands it. She is already studying (and even teaching) at the University of Iowa, at Indiana, Purdue, Berkeley, Harvard, the Sorbonne, Lumen Christi. She is assisting in Newman Centers, teaching adult education courses, working as a clinical psychologist, directing graduate research, teaching theology to seminarians, even doffing her habit to wander unobserved through Lvov, Moscow and Tblisi. She's in the world right up to her coif! I'm only surprised, Mr. Novak, that you haven't yet met her. Keep your eyes open. You *will*.

SISTER MARY IGNATIA, B.V.M.

THE STAGE

Report from the Academy

"ONE FLEW Over the Cuckoo's Nest" is an adaptation by Dale Wasserman of a novel by Ken Keasy, and Mr. Keasy, unless he wants more desperately than we know simply to have his name on Broadway, is no doubt preparing his lawsuit. The novel was a boisterous, irregular, frequently funny and sometimes scarifying fable about life in a mental institution, where human dignity, as exemplified by one of the inmates, struggles against the System, whose cruel implacable representative is called Big Nurse. Mr. Wasserman, a TV-spawned playwright, has extracted all the incidental data of the story and none of its essence, and has added a massive dose of network sentimentality to cut off all hope. Kirk Douglas is singularly ineffective in the leading role—for one thing, his jaw, which on the screen is his main instrument for conveying emotion, looks on stage as commonplace as yours or mine—and Joan Tetzel is as miscast as Big Nurse as Audrey Hepburn or Doris Day would have been. (*At the Cort*)

"NOBODY Loves an Albatross" isn't bad, which means, if you know the value structure of Broadway, that it isn't good either. It works, it makes people laugh, and nobody is going to examine the nature of the amusement or the implications of the experience. Ronald Alexander's play concerns a TV writer-producer who lives in Hollywood and is a more shameless fake than any of the older inhabitants. He is of course a lovable phony, and so are the people who surround him—agents, writers, and executives. The play proceeds by gags and inversions, threatening every now and then to turn into real satire but being pulled back from the edge into commercial safety every time. Robert Preston is extremely adept in the central role and Gene Saks has directed the thing with high, if somewhat feverish vivacity. (*At the Lyceum*)

"MARATHON '33" is the second production of the Actors Studio, and there would seem to be no need now to wait for further evidence. The Studio may be a very professional organization but it is not an intelli-

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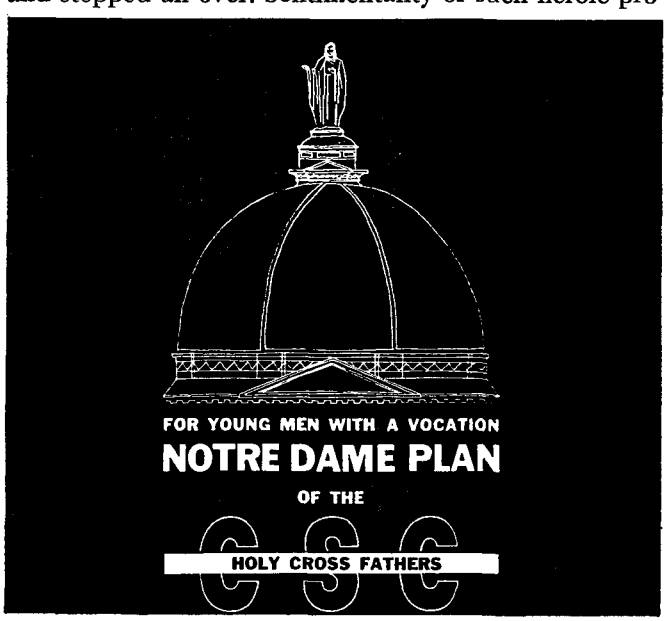
gent one; it may have a plan but it doesn't have a vision; it may have some ideas about theater but it has none about drama. This piece, written by June Havoc and based on her experience as a marathon dancer in the early thirties, isn't a play, but what is worse, it isn't even the kind of non-play that a group like The Living Theatre can fashion into a dramatic experience. The Studio has tried to do this; it has created an atmosphere and some physical energy, and there is an attempt at that kind of choreographed movement which a work like "The Brig" depends on. But nothing succeeds for more than a moment. The whole thing keeps lapsing back into the merely atmospheric—the tawdry, ugly, insane world of marathon dancing— from which no truth rises and behind which nothing suggests itself. Or rather, that is not quite accurate; something is suggested, and I fear it has to do with allegory, life being a marathon and endurance being the way to the rainbow.

It is all sweetly stated near the end by Miss Julie Harris, who appears in her full panoply of mannerisms, the result being that all that breathiness, wide-eyed innocence and pocket Joan of Arc spirituality entirely eliminates any possibility that the piece could turn hard and brutal and demonic—the only way it might have worked. "I believe something wonderful can be ahead," Miss Harris as Miss Havoc says while half dead on her feet and after having been betrayed, traduced, insulted and stepped all over. Sentimentality of such heroic proportions is, we can now have no doubt, exactly what the Actors Studio's redemptive plan for the theater consists in. (*At the Anta*)

RICHARD GILMAN



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THE SCREEN

By Victories Undone

PERHAPS every war movie, as far back as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and even further back to "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), is in its way an anti-war film. But now we're in for a new cycle of anti-war films, films that are vehement in their sermonizing while pointing out the horrors of war. No doubt the intentions of such movies are commendable. All men of good will are against war. But it is to be hoped that the forthcoming movies in this cycle will be less interested in polemics and manipulated plots than are the openers in the series.

Carl Foreman is aiming to prove in "The Victors" that war is degrading to both the victors and vanquished alike. Nobody really wins. His proposition is questionable, and so is his method of illustrating it. He follows a squad of American soldiers through World War II, from England to Italy, France, Belgium, and finally to post-war, divided Berlin. In a series of episodes (connected by newsreel clips, some of which are of historical importance and some of which kid the frivolities of the period) he shows us shocking samples of war's brutality and corruption involving Americans, their allies, their enemies. Some of these are quite repulsive: little boys looting a dead body, Southern G.I.s on a "coon hunt" in which they beat up a couple of Negro soldiers while other soldiers stand by without protest, French resistance fighters ruthlessly shooting surrendering Germans. Some of the episodes are silly like the one in which Peter Fonda as a naïve replacement insists on keeping a puppy in spite of orders to the contrary and then is horrified when two battle-hardened G.I.s shoot it in a contest, or the picture's final episode which is no doubt meant to be symbolic as it shows an American (George Hamilton) and a Russian (Albert Finney) having a pointless and mutually fatal quarrel on a deserted street in East Berlin.

But Carl Foreman, who wrote the screenplays for such outstanding movies as "Champion," "The Men," and "High Noon," knows how to write a gripping scene that stirs his audience's emotions. He does that in several episodes, notably when a sensitive French widow (Jeanne Moreau), terrorized by the bombing, crawls into the bed of the squad's tough sergeant (Eli Wallach) not for sex but for comfort, and the later incident in which two G.I.s (George Peppard and George Hamilton) are appalled when the little French boy they have been befriending takes it for granted that they are

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interested in using him sexually, and the still later, even more grim episode when the squad is made to witness the execution of a young deserter. Unfortunately this scene, with its beautiful, stark photography of the snowy terrain in the Christmas season and the serious faces of all concerned, is spoiled. Mr. Foreman who was evidently afraid we would miss the pity and irony of the execution, allows the sound track during the somber proceedings to ring out with "Jingle Bells," then with "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," finally, after the fatal shot, with a blaring "Hallelujah" chorus.

Since Carl Foreman not only wrote "The Victors" (from Alexander Baron's *The Human Kind*) but also produced and directed the picture, he is responsible for everything in it—the good and bad scenes, the contrived episodes, the obvious propaganda and the seemingly endless series of incidents that run on for almost three hours to prove his thesis. Peppard, Wallach and Hamilton manage to stand out in the large cast, but it's hard to figure out why Foreman hired so many stars for small parts, especially the stereotyped roles. It's still harder to figure out for whom *"The Victors"* was made.

NO DOUBT "Ladybug Ladybug" could also be considered propaganda, an argument against nuclear war and pointing out the tensions of our nuclear age. Since it was produced and directed by Frank Perry and written by his wife, Eleanor—the team who turned out the fine, low-budget "David and Lisa" last year—one might expect another thoughtful, moving film with documentary touches that add to the realism. But "Ladybug" proves a disappointment. Its plot, suggested by an actual incident, is simple enough as it shows what happens to a group of children when the yellow light flashes at their country school and a buzzer indicates a nuclear attack will come within the hour. The elders, although confused and worried, conduct themselves well enough, especially the teacher (Nancy Marchand) who leads her group along the road to their various homes. Some of the children's discussions, on the road and in the bomb shelter where one girl takes her friends whose parents are away, are fascinating. But "Ladybug Ladybug" has almost the same faults as "The Victors." Its plot is manipulated and contrived; and its characters are stereotyped. There's the bossy girl who's so mean to her guests in the shelter, the natural-born leaders, the naughty boy, the hysterical girl, the sweet child, etc. Although much of the film is interesting, the viewer keeps wondering why the radios aren't used, what's happened to the Emergency Broadcast System—especially after the Y warning turns out to be a false alarm, and why are so many parents missing?

MOVIEGOERS who prefer their war films less scary and less all-out may find a satire like "The War of the Buttons" to their liking. This French film is mainly concerned with two groups of battling schoolboys from neighboring villages. The two armies indulge in fisticuffs, scatological name calling, and, what they consider the greatest indignity of all, the cutting off of their captives' buttons. The leader of one of the groups averts this insult to his fighters by having them go into battle nude, but since this happens on a chilly, dismal day, his troops show no enthusiasm for the sneaky trick. When the film gets serious, it reminds one of "Lord of the Flies" but most of it is rather funny. The main trouble with "Buttons" is that its humor wears thin: the idea of little boys using dirty words (vividly translated in the English subtitles) may be amusing the first time around, but the device grows tiresome. It takes director Yves Robert too long to get to the point, albeit a good one: as long as kids see their elders fight, the kids will fight, and when they grow up they will set the example for their kids—in a vicious continuity. So maybe *kids* should be sent to be shocked by "The Victors" and "Ladybug."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

Shadow

So near. Faithful to what?
Whether you move or remain
Still, it shall reflect
Either state at once,
But take neither the shape
Of its projector nor
That of the thing it is
Projected on. Cloudy
Days give no special
Reprieve from wondering what's
Extraneous to your life,
But it may not appear—
Or may as a flown glint
Of neutral gray. Its nightly
Refusals are absolutely
Clear, unless you
Choose to approach a light.
Its half-day compulsive
Lead, absence at noon,
Concedes you may be *its*
Shadow instead, till its
Half-day pursuit. In-
Variably you think
Its weird contours, elastic
Mode, reflect yourself.
Braving the world's surface
To be with you, it
Is two-dimensional and
Cannot be shaken: it
Hounds in order to gain
Shapes that negate the appearance
Of all you are doing now.

DAVID GALLER

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After Colonialism: The Shock of What Freedom Means

The Morning After. By Brian Crozier. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

by Victor C. Ferkiss

"SOME Western liberals have probably done a disservice to the peoples of the newly independent countries by identifying themselves uncritically with the protracted anti-colonialism of their leaders. I am a Western liberal, but I believe an unsentimental look at things as they really are is long overdue."

So writes Brian Crozier, a member of the foreign staff of the *Economist*. His concern is with the morning after independence, the moment when the newly independent nations of Asia and Africa begin to realize—dimly in the case of some, vividly in the case of others such as the Congo—that casting off colonial rule has not ensured internal peace and national prosperity.

Mr. Crozier's theme is an important one. For many years it has been assumed by liberal opinion—perhaps especially in the United States—that anti-colonialist leaders were correct in their assumption that their countries had been held back economically primarily because of exploitation by the ruling European powers, and that with freedom would come not only democracy and a greater acceptance of the human dignity of their populations, but economic growth as well. The gap between immediate economic reality and the "revolution of rising expectations" was to be met, in large part at least, by foreign aid to peoples now become masters in their own households.

Recently there have been a number of indications that a drastic reassessment is taking place and that sober second thoughts are superseding the earlier easy optimism. So far this reassessment has occurred largely in the political realm. The collapse of order in the Congo, the international adventurism of Sukarno's Indonesia, the substitution of military dictatorships for incapable parliamentary governments on several continents, and the growth throughout the underdeveloped world of one-party regimes tending to be restrictive of civil liberties have led many observers to re-evaluate the political results of post-war decolonization throughout the world.

Less widely discussed on the popular level is the economic pessimism currently developing in many places. Men such as Gunnar Myrdal are increasingly bearish about the future economic growth of many of the new nations. Foreign aid—the *deus ex machina* of economic progress in the underdeveloped world—is less popular in the donor nations partly because its efficacy is more and more open to question.

There is a growing realization that the most basic problem of the underdeveloped nations—most of them almost wholly dependent upon the export of primary products, both agricultural and mineral—lies in the unfavorable terms on which they must trade with developed industrial nations: since the Korean conflict a downward trend in the prices of the raw materials produced by these countries has cancelled out virtually all the financial aid extended them. In addition, more stress is currently being placed on the kinds of cultural change and local institution-building which are prerequisite to economic growth, and on an increasing realization of how very long-range and difficult are the problems involved in etablishing the social conditions which make substantial economic development possible.

In these circumstances, there is much need for a book such as the one Mr. Crozier set out to write: a frank, informed study for the general reader of the perils and difficulties of the post-independence period. Unfortunately, despite widespread travel throughout the world over many years, keen insight, and an unusually good grasp of the basic issues involved, Mr. Crozier's effort does not quite meet this need. With rare frankness the author notes that *The Morning After* was written in a few scattered weeks amid other commitments. If this is taken into account, the result is a real *tour de force*, but the marks of its hasty composition remain.

This is especially unfortunate because even as it stands *The Morning After* has much to contribute to the sharpening of popular understanding of problems and areas often discussed solely in clichés, both by those in favor of and those opposed to the rise of the new states. Mr. Crozier is well informed and independent in his thinking to a degree sadly rare among American journalists dealing with foreign issues. His praise of the constructive statesmanship and moderation of Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia and the reasonableness of Modibo Keita of Mali are evidence of his independence of mind. His discussion of Burma (one of his prime candidates for the nation which has done the worst job of responding to the challenges of independence) and his descriptions of such leaders as Nasser, Touré, Ho Chi Minh, Senghor, Bourgiba and Ayub Khan demonstrate a remarkable ability to empathize with the rulers of developing nations.

His chapter on the psychological need for acts of defiance of former rulers should help readers to understand the often annoying and self-defeating postures adopted by many nationalist leaders; and his discussion of client states and satellites underlines the rarity and tenuousness of "independence" in the modern world.

Though he asserts that "independence really is incompatible with economic development," he manifests throughout a sympathy for the aims of the nationaist leaders. But when he gets to the subject of the techniques of economic development —as he does in contrasting the Indian and Chinese roads to modernization —his ideology begins to show. True to the oldest traditions of the *Economist*, Mr. Crozier is an economic liberal, opposed to planning in principle as both dangerous and ineffective. Here his ideas run counter to

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the thinking of virtually every leader of the underdeveloped world, as well as that of most Westerners involved in the work of economic aid and development. Here especially, therefore, one wishes Mr. Crozier had been able to take the time to build his case more carefully and systematically; it is not enough to substitute one set of shibboleths for another.

Despite its defects, however, this book deserves a wide audience. Mr. Crozier has blazed a trail whch must be widened in the near future if relations between the Western powers and the newly independent nations are to be founded on dignity rooted in mutual understanding.

Satiric Ramble

The Wanting Seed. By Anthony Burgess. Norton. $3.95.

by Brian Wilkie

THIS IS a satiric novel, an anti-utopia, written around the theme of over-population. "Written *around*," I repeat, for it is hard to believe that the book (by the author of *A Clockwork Orange*) has any sustained purpose. By a wonderful *tour de force* it manages to be what might seem impossible for a book on such a subject: boring, pointless, and silly. The only good part is an eerie travesty of war near the end, but by the time one reaches this section he is likely to have decided not to take anything about the book seriously.

The author is apparently trying to achieve satire through broad but macabre humor, but the macabre effects are heavy-handed, the humor very often mere pointless frivolity. If you can imagine a description of, say, the Black Hole of Calcutta written by P. G. Wodehouse, you will have some idea of what this giggling book is like.

It has all the marks of having been written hurriedly and of its author's having insouciantly changed his intention once or twice en route. At first it seems a dismayingly slavish imitation of Orwell's *1984* (a parody, perhaps?—but *why*?). It turns into good broad farce, diverting and generally without satiric point. Then comes the final section, with its fairly powerful mockery of war as an instrument of extermination, but by this time one is only half-listening.

These three sections are, I suppose, intended to be related in mood to the three cyclic "phases"—Pelagianism (liberal, tolerant), Interphase (brutal, repressive), Augustinianism (grasping, *laissez-faire*) outlined in the book's cumbersome, prefab social philosophy, but the three sections are nevertheless mutually incongruous.

I could not decide what, on the most elementary matters, Mr. Burgess thinks is (or would be) good and what bad. The contraception made necessary in the over-populated future world is apparently attacked as a sin against life, but near the end of the book a form of this belief is expressed by a presumably unsympathetic character, a cynical Army major whose job involves military extermination (followed by the canning of human meat by civilian concessionaires).

Religious ritual, especially the Mass, is identified with orgiastic fertility rituals and cannibalistic feasting (let us hope that Mr. Burgess does not think he has either contributed to anthropology or invented a new blasphemy here), but also with the traditional human values denied by a liberal, authoritarian state. Liberals are apparently damned, so are conservatives; sex is ridiculed, as is the denial of sex—if, that is, any such judgments are compatible with schoolboyish giggling. What's the point?

Mr. Burgess creates a bad, bad world. It is terribly overcrowded, but wait! It also has hideous electronic music. It practices exterminatory war, but that's nothing! There are West Virginians in the British civil service, men who say "pry-merrily" and pronounce *records* "wreckerds" (instead of "reck-whoreds," presumably). There is cannibalism, there is cricket-playing in cathedrals. Worst of all, perhaps—at any rate, Mr. Burgess keeps coming back to it—races are mingled! Polynesians in the same elevators and apartment-houses with Anglo-Saxons! It is sometimes hard to say which of these prospects Mr. Burgess finds most frightening.

One cannot deny that Mr. Burgess has a certain stylistic flair, but (to judge by this book) he writes badly. He will sacrifice any point to an apparently irrelevant literary allusion; at the height of the repressive police terrorism the hero is described as joining "the I-had-not-thought-death-had-undone-so-many workward crowd" (Remember Wodehouse? "Hullo, old stag-at-eve! Jolly old hounds of spring are on winter's traces, what?") Non-literary jokes (I suppose they *are* jokes) are equally strained. Teacher calling the roll: "'Dunlop.' The boy had a rubbery face, but, in this age of total nationalization, his name was neither appropriate nor inappropriate." During an orgy the hero draws as his partner "Ann Onymous." (You may have been wondering what ever happened to "college humor.")

Certain phrases (e.g., "plenilunar night") and passages ("Tristram's [body] had become carrion; that of his elder brother was fire and ice, paradisaical fruit, inexpressibly delicious and exciting"), as well as the author's love of Latin and Greek ("dentate," "supinated," "mactated," "formicate," "phatic vocables," anal-phabetic," "corniculate") suggest several stylistic influences, sometimes combinations of them: women's pulp fiction, second-rate whodunit-ese—vintage 1935—and the more cleverly intellectual poetry written by undergraduates in 1940.

What Cuba Teaches

Christianity and Revolution: The Lessons of Cuba. By Leslie Dewart. Herder and Herder. $5.50

by Edward T. Gargan

FOLLOWING the success of the Castro revolution the French journal *Informations Catholiques Internationales* placed Fidel Castro on its cover with a caption quoting his promise that "a Christian era was beginning for Cuba." To this pledge Castro added prudential caution: "It will be necessary to go slow, for men's spirits are not yet ready." This warning has certainly proved to be accurate. Cuba has not yet inaugurated a Christian era but rather the

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permanent revolution marking the Marxist-Leninist revolutions of this century. Leslie Dewart, a man of Spanish and Cuban background and a sophisticated philosopher on the faculty of St. Michael's College in Toronto, has now examined passionately the tragic experience of the Cuban revolution.

Dewart believes that the world is certain to be transformed by the socialist revolutions of our time. He feels in sorrow and even despondency that Catholic leadership and intelligence having failed in Cuba's revolution will be similarly inadequate in meeting the socialist unfolding of this century's history. Dewart refuses to hold Fidel Castro responsible for the defeat of Christian hope in Cuba. Catholics were in Cuba, he argues, intellectually, morally, philosophically and theologically incapable of the vision and action necessary to build a new and more just society. Catholics did participate in the preparation for and the initial victory of the revolution. But Catholics were emotionally and politically unable to join a truly socialist community. Blinded by a dread of historical Communism, Catholics gradually formed that opposition which in a revolutionary state becomes anti-revolutionary and necessarily invites repression.

While Dewart has many friends among the fallen he considers them pathetically wrong in their judgment and conduct. In his prefatory note to this study he conscientiously acknowledges that Dr. Ramón Casas, Chairman of the National Council of *Acción Catolica* in Cuba in 1960, "disagrees with every one of my fundamental interpretations of the history and philosophy of Church-State relations in Cuba since 1959." Dewart does not, however, give his readers a sufficient sense of the kind of objection that witnesses such as Dr. Casas would offer to his thesis. This is in part due to factors outside the control of the author. Yet this silence from those who were defeated demands that all partisan arguments such as that of Dewart be treated with reservation until the full history of the Cuban revolution is told.

Dewart finds it almost impossible to conceal his contempt and rage toward the Cuban hierarchy for their misleading of the faithful into defeat and exile. For example, he considers the hierarchy's campaign against Cuban-Russian ties not only stupid but virtually treasonable. He understands Cuban-Russian friendship as a union imposed upon Cuba in response to the American hostility to the Cuban socialist experiment. And in this whole affair the United States is seen as acting the bully, as fitting perfectly the caricature of a capitalist and imperialist nation.

The Bay of Pigs invasion is without difficulty represented as a burlesque defense of capitalism. This buffoonery is regarded as revealing a deeper illness long present in America's historical consciousness. The United States has, Dewart believes, been troubled throughout its history by a conflict between "ethnocentricity and ethical humanism." And it is this tension that enables Dewart to hope that America may yet become a more worthy nation. This moral struggle encourages him to express his "greater faith in the American character than do the 'pro-American' statements which unconditionally agree with every venture of American diplomacy."

When assessing this American character Dewart is unreservedly frank: "There is also truth in the notion that strength of character must be trained for and developed by the United States. But strength of character is not the same as the 'Spartan quality', the 'lean and mean' self-conceit which President Kennedy's inner circle seems dangerously to prescribe. Americans should not presume to improve the inadequacies of ethnocentricity by pursuing a Machiavellism that they are basically too spiritually wise and too morally innocent to make succeed. The failure of Machiavellian policies in Laos, in Cuba, and in the U-2 incident indicates that the Americans are too moral a people to adopt successfully the dispositions of political amorality as an acknowledged way of life."

In considering America's moral failings and temptations as part of the Christian response to this revolutionary era, Professor Dewart brings to political discussion criteria largely absent from modern political analysis. He is very good as moralist and hears the confessions of whole nations with absolute confidence in his faculties to administer this sacrament. But political inquiry pursued in terms of good and evil does not always encourage the toleration and search for alternatives open to more pragmatic political discussion.

Dewart analogously relates the failure of Christians in Cuba to the graver inadequacy of the Christian conscience in face of the nuclear arms race. And this Christian failing is in turn linked with Catholic incapacity to understand and execute the socialization praised by John XXIII. This dreadful deficiency can only be overcome, he urges, by our willingness to fashion "radically new ways of human life and thought." He rejoices, therefore, like most men, in the promises of the Vatican Council. But even here the errors of the past indicate a pride that diminishes our ability to face the future.

Warning against this vice Dewart insists: "But while the hope that we shall quickly become adequately prepared to the task is sustained daily by new developments, we must understand, precisely in order to facilitate the renewal already underway, that our self-satisfaction, our ecclesiastical, that is, our collective pride constitutes the most basic inadequacy for the fulfillment of this immense task. The promise of Christ that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against us is neither an assurance that the success of the Church shall be at any time (but least of all at its end), measurable by the standards of worldly success—nor does it mean that we cannot sinfully fail to discharge our mission, to our own peril and risk."

The truth exhibited in much of Professor Dewart's inquiry into the salvation of the nations readily wins one's assent and gratitude. Yet the quality of his argument is marred by his righteousness and anger. Convinced that our times must be revolutionary or doomed, Dewart accepts this absolute in place of the political absolutes of the past. In serving this revolution, Dewart forces the Christ-

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ian conscience to confront the existential terms of modern history. He delivers that conscience, however, over to unending warfare.

The accusations and final judgments that make up the philosophy of this book prejudice every prospect of harmony. An ecclesia forced to be revolutionary or anti-revolutionary cannot expect to understand the more difficult task of bringing peace and love to a world eternally torn by political uncompromising warfare. Dewart's approach, despite his contrary intention, promises that the piercing cries of the damning and the damned will sicken our philosophical effort and grotesquely shape our historical destiny.

Worship Today

Sunday Morning Crisis. Edited by Robert W. Hovda. Helicon. $3.95.

by Leonard F. X. Mayhew

THE SCHEMA on the reform of the liturgy was the first major business to be considered and voted upon at Vatican Council II. As a matter of fact, the Council has been identified in the popular mind with making friends with Protestants and getting the Mass into English. Over-simplification though this may be, it has a certain neat appropriateness.

After all, if we boil it all down, this is what the Church is all about: community and worship. The really odd thing is that the effort over the past generation or so to revive meaningful and intelligent practices of worship within the Church should have existed as a special "movement." It is as if there had to be organized among the people of New York City a movement to convince them to eat, breathe, or talk.

Yet however strange it may appear, there has had to be this liturgical "movement." With the Vatican Council now having made reform of the liturgy official and respectable, the liturgical movement must move into a new context. Realism dictates that those who have championed the people's rights and needs at Holy Mass must now turn their attention to convincing the people. Church authority has been convinced. The majority of the Catholic faithful in their parish churches, however, remain oblivious of their plight, uninformed about what they are missing, frustrated in the face of practical obstacles.

The title of this book characterizes Sunday Mass in the parish church as being involved in a crisis. Indeed it is. But it is a crisis of which the central figure is largely unaware. For the majority of Catholics, Sunday morning in church is pretty close to what Father Hovda calls it in one of his chapters—"dullsville." This, of course, is the crisis.

This is the background of the book. It is a collection of eleven essays, written by leaders of the liturgical revival and addressed, as Father Hovda puts it in the Introduction, "to Catholics not yet caught up (often through no fault of their own) in the vital currents of the Church's life, and who wonder perhaps why God does not reward their constancy with some of that joy in believing of which we read in the Bible . . ." The book is not written for experts but neither is it "popular" in any patronizing sense.

The contributions by Father Hovda, Father Frederick McManus and Robert Rambusch, are especially admirable, but the essay on the mystery of the Eucharist by Father H. A. Reinhold is the best in the book, one of the clearest short presentations of this subject to be found anywhere.

In short, this is an excellent piece of liturgical literature, well worthwhile for any Catholic who does not feel himself adequately informed about one of the major concerns of the Church.

REVIEWERS

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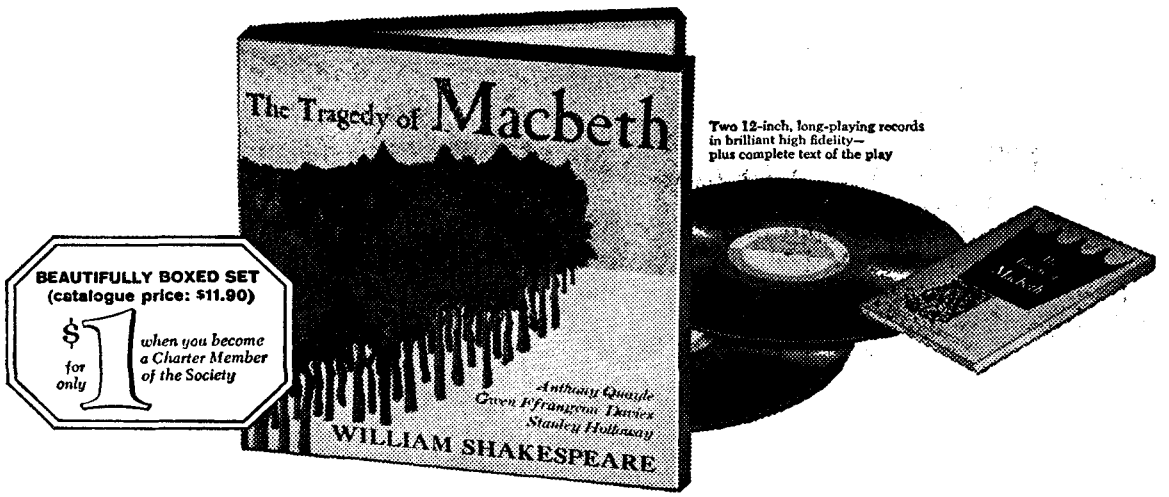
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